This Stage, the Ship upon whose Decke,
The Seas tost *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: Oh how *Lychorida*?
How does my Queenes travailes? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all the bowes of the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Divinest patronesse, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good sir, doe not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene;
A little daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away?
We here below; recall not what we give,
And therein may use honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good sir, even for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a most blusterous bird hath never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That ever was Princes childe: happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and heaven can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Even at the first; thy losse is more than can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here:
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. *Saylor.* What courage sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough, I doe not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.
2. *Sayl.* But sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
kisse the Moone, I care not.
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queene must over board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1. Pardon us sir; with us at Sea it hath beene still observed,
And we are strong in Easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore boord straight,
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lies sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffind, in oare,
Wherefore a Monument upon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Inke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

Bring